

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. XI.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1900.

NO. 11.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor.—W. T. Blanton.
Town Council.—By Committees.
Finance.—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and E. L. Morris.
Police.—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Morris.
Public Works.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Sanitary.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Fire Department.—W. E. Davidson and W. P. Gilliam.
Police Department.—H. E. Wall, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilliam.
Public Works Department.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Sanitary Department.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Fire Department.—W. E. Davidson and W. P. Gilliam.
Police Department.—H. E. Wall, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilliam.
Public Works Department.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Sanitary Department.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Mayor.—W. T. Blanton.
Town Council.—By Committees.
Finance.—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and E. L. Morris.
Police.—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Morris.
Public Works.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Sanitary.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Fire Department.—W. E. Davidson and W. P. Gilliam.
Police Department.—H. E. Wall, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilliam.
Public Works Department.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Sanitary Department.—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.

DENTIST.

Dr. H. W. Flournoy.
Office at Dr. Thacker's Old Stand, Farmville, Virginia.

H. W. FLOURNOY.

Attorney at Law.
Will practice in the Courts of Prince Edward and adjoining counties.
Office over the postoffice, Farmville, Va.
19-20-21.

W. C. FRANKLIN.

Attorney at Law.
Pamplin City, Va.
Practice in Appomattox, Prince Edward and Charlotte counties. Supreme Court of Virginia and U. S. Courts.

A. D. WATKINS.

R. H. WATKINS.
WATKINS & WATKINS,
—ATTORNEYS AT LAW—
FARMVILLE, VA.
Practice in Courts of Prince Edward, Cumberland, Buckingham, Scottsbluff and American and United States Courts at Richmond. Special attention paid to cases in bankruptcy.

W. HODGES MANN.

J. M. CRUTE.
Notary C. H. Va. Farmville, Va.
MANN & CRUTE,
Attorneys at Law.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

S. P. VANDERSLICE.

Attorney at Law.
Will practice in both State and Federal Courts.
Office: Richardson Building, Main St., Farmville, Va.

G. S. WING.

Attorney at Law.
Green Bay, Prince Edward County, Va.
Will practice in Prince Edward and adjoining counties.

C. H. BLISS.

GENERAL AUCTIONEER.
Farmville, Va.
Solicits business in this and adjoining counties. Charges moderate.

WHITE & CO.

DRUGS.
Medicines and
Druggists' Sundries,
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
—FARMVILLE, VA.—
J. C. CHALLE, R. L. ANDERSON, E. L. MORRIS,
Pres't. Sec. & Treas.
Farmville Commercial Co.,
(Incorporated.)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Seeds,
Agricultural Implements,
Hardware, Guns, Shells,
South Bend Plows,
WAGONS, BUGGIES, FERTILIZERS, &c.
FARMVILLE, - - VIRGINIA.
Opposite N. & W. Depot.

NOTICE TO ALL.

All communications of a private nature—not of public interest, obituaries exceeding ten lines, memorials, tributes of respect and resolutions of organizations or corporations will be charged at the rate of five cents per line, when published in the HERALD. Postively no deviation nor exception will be made.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys: If it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

Embroidered

Flannels and Twilled Flannels in all colors.

Venetian Cloths.

Ladies' Cloths.

Broad Cloths, all in the newest shades.

Cheviots, Serges and Black Goods at all prices.

Heavy Goods

for walking skirts.

Underwear, Hosiery,

Blankets, Hats, Boots and Shoes.

All found at

W. P. RICHARDSON'S,

Cor. Main and Third Sts., Farmville, Va.

You'll Need Us

When You Want

Clothing.

We sell clothes that make your neighbor ask "where did you get them?" They look like new all the time. We make a specialty of Stinson Brothers Tailor-made goods, the very best in style and quality.

OUR SHOES

are unsurpassed in quality and style. An examination of our stock will convince you that our men's shoes made by Rice & Hutchins, and ladies' John Kelly, are superior in every way to other goods costing same money.

We have a complete line of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, RUGS, ART SQUARES, &c., &c.

Richardson & Cralle,

FARMVILLE, VA.

R. L. Barnes Safe & Lock Co.,

Successors to

R. L. Barnes & Co.,

1431 E. Main Street, Richmond, Va.

—DEALERS IN—

Standard Fire-Proof

Safes,

Burglar-Proof Safes,

Railroad, Jewelers',

Skeleton and House

Safes.

Fire-Proof Vaults.

Burglar-Proof Steel

Vaults.

Safe Deposit Boxes.

Time Combination and

Key Locks.

Expert work by skilled workmen. Apply to

S. W. PAULETT, Jr., Ag't.,

FARMVILLE, VA.

EFFECT ON MANKIND.

Dr. Talmage Shows How the Spirit of Greed Destroys.

Strong Denunciation of Those Who Worship the Golden Calf of Modern Idolatry—Day of Judgment Coming.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington, Oct. 28.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how the spirit of greed destroys when it takes possession of a man and that money got in wrong ways is a curse. Text: Exodus, xxxii., 20. "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there was masculine as well as feminine decoration. Where did they get these beautiful golden earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a silly calf. The gold cools down, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set up on its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance vigorously and worship.

Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets angry, he is apt to break all the Ten Commandments. Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape and then pulverizes it, not by the modern appliances of nitromuriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of nitre or by the old-fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all.

But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Potomac and the Hudson and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber, and men go out, and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

Pull aside this curtain, and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not, like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whistles on Wall street, and Third street, and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war and, under God, stopped it, and it decided the Russo-Turkish contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted: "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. The golden calf of the text has, as far as America is concerned, its right foot in New York, its left foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship.

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's cathedral in England, and St. Peter's in Italy, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos and all the cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone, as other altars, but out of counting-room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are the Swartouts and the Ketchams and the Fisks and 10,000 other people who are slain before this golden calf. What

does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. What an altar? What a sacrifice of mind, body and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up, shouting: "A thousand shares of New York Central—108 1/4—take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillow and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" in Pacific Mail or a sudden "rise" of Rock Island. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The gowned ecclesiastic comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are they who die in the Lord!" Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord." The golden calf kicked them!

The trouble is when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by a wrong course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go. But he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams until black calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage: "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice on one occasion 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep, but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of Gen. Havelock, in India, walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre" where 200 white women and children had been slain by the Sepoys, but the blood about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows up to the girdle, flows up to the shoulder, flows up to the lip. Great God of Heaven and earth, have mercy on those who immolate themselves on this altar! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust and count their golden beads and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches. It is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling speckle of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years have been steeped in the seething caldron. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made; chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. The temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is a glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees; and the dogology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with molly and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More, more, more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of people in the stock exchange, New York. Indeed, it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description and is beyond the imagination of anyone who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation and raving like hyenas and stamping like buffaloes and swaying to and fro and jostling and running one upon another, and deafening uproar, until the president of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying: "Order, order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the stock exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship has to be broken up, as the behavior of Moses on this occasion indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in the text was hollow and merely plated with gold, otherwise Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that, but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an infernal insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance or by an old-fashioned file it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So you may depend upon it that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the "Battery" or Lombard street, whether at Shoreditch or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze. All the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blaze. All the money safes and deposit vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melting gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass into the street, but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up. The cry

of "Fire!" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire!" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London with one cut of the red scythe of destruction will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down. Moloch down. Juggernaut down, golden calf down!

But every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Some years ago in a time of panic we learned as never before that forgeries will not pay, that the watering of stock will not pay, that the spending of \$50,000 on country seats and a palatial city residence when there are only \$30,000 in income will not pay, that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It was a tumor, and God cut it out, and the nation was sent back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers, when twice three made six instead of 60 and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton and a man who wore a five-dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a \$50 coat not paid for.

Te modern golden calf, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers not paying for the articles they get borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who are borrowed of, and after awhile the capitalist wants his money, and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money, and he rushes on the customer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire and the wheelwright for the wheel and the trimmer for the curtain and the driver for unpaid wages and the harness maker for the bridle and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the camel's hair shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

I tell you that in this country we shall never get things right until we stop borrowing and pay as we go. It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship, and I say let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and then a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall, by the law of the land, be compelled to exchange the brownstone front for the penitentiary. Let the golden calf perish!

I want you to change temples and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are the securities that will never fail. Here are the banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice that does for all, for "by one sacrifice hath Christ perfected forever them that are sanctified." Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble and soothe you when you are sick and save you when you die. For He has said: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

When your parents have breathed their last and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, He will be to you a father and mother both, giving you the defense of one and the comfort of the other. For have we not Paul's blessed hope that as Jesus died and rose again, "even so they also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him." And when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them and say good-bye forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh, what a God He is! He will allow you to come so close that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of Heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing Father and a returned prodigal looked in that glorious embrace. Caut worshiping the golden calf and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes, when shriveling like a parched scroll, the flaming heavens together roll, when louder yet and yet more dread swells the high trumpet that wakes the dead.

IN MANY DIFFERENT LANDS.

Boer relics still sell for high prices in London.

The profit on England's postal service amounts to about \$20,000,000 a year.

Thibet is a country forbidden to European eyes, and no "barbarian" has yet set foot in its capital, Lhassa.

Emigration in Hungary has assumed unusual dimensions lately. During one month 15,591 passes were issued to emigrants.

An Egyptian contemporary says: "Our whole island is now girdled with golf courses. All the world is no longer a stage, but a golf links."

In a cavalry charge the list of casualties among horses is naturally greater than among men. At Talavera 800 horses were killed and 240 men, while at the famous charge of the Light brigade, at Balaklava, the losses among horses were 360 and among men 280.

A new canal of the greatest importance is to be built by Russia. The canal will be of great significance from the military as well as the commercial standpoint. It will connect the Baltic and White seas, running from St. Petersburg along the Finnish gulf to St. Catharine, the new naval harbor on the Murman coast.

The French government has just mounted a huge Creusot gun at Calais as a set-off to the enormous harbor works that are in progress for the British admiralty at Dover. It is said that the new gun has a range of 20 miles, and as the straits of Dover at this point are only 15 miles in width the gun will, if it proves satisfactory, be able to drop its projectiles upon British soil.

WITH THOSE WHO LABOR.

St. Louis has 65,000 trades union men.

Workmen at Logansport, Ind., have established a cooperative grocery.

Work on the federal building in Chicago is to be rushed in good earnest from now on.

A new diamond field has been found 42 miles from Griquatown, in Cape Colony.

Glass factories in Germany now number 400, and the works give employment to 35,000 men.

The locomotive works of the United States turned out 2,196 locomotives in the past year, valued at \$23,000,000. Of the total number 489 were sent abroad.

A diamond circular saw for cutting stone is described in London Engineering, and is said to cut hard sandstone blocks at the rate of five feet per minute.

The General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of New York City has added to its library a department of trade catalogues. These will be indexed and filed away and will be accessible at all times to those who wish to consult them.

The steamer Paris, which went aground last year, is being rebuilt at Belfast, and will be known as the Philadelphia.

The vessel is receiving an entirely new bottom, and new boilers and engines will be put in. She will have two funnels instead of three, but will otherwise preserve her former appearance.

THE LAW LAID DOWN.

An officer who accepts a second office when he cannot hold both is held in Oliver vs. Jersey City (N. J.), 48 L. R. A. 412, to be an officer de facto whose acts will be valid as to the public if he continues to act in his original office.

Conspiracy to refuse to deal with a person which is made maliciously to injure him, and not to serve any legitimate interests of the persons who enter into it, is held, in Erie vs. Producers Exchange (Minn.), 48 L. R. A. 50, to be an actionable wrong.

Signature to a paper by mark made by a person for the purpose of identifying himself as a party thereto is held, in Finley vs. Prescott (Wis.), 47 L. R. A. 695, sufficient to constitute a good signature at common law without any attestation thereof by a subscribing witness.

Combination of railroad lines is held, in State vs. Central of Georgia Railway company (Ga.), 48 L. R. A. 551, not to be in violation of a constitutional provision against consolidation of competing lines, even though competition may be thereby lessened at some points, if as a general result the public at large is distinguished from the people of special or particular communities is benefited by the combination.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

The 200 Boer prisoners at Camp Deadwood, St. Helena, have a thriving Christian Endeavor society. It was started at Camp Simonstown, South Africa. Sometimes over 1,000 attend.

A. B. Steele, of Atlanta, Ga., has given \$5,000 each to the orphan's home of the Methodist church at South Decatur, Ga., the home for the friendless in Atlanta and the Agnes Scott Institute at Decatur.

It is said that there are about 70 towns in England with a population of 20,000 and upward in which Presbyterianism is entirely unrepresented. Fifteen of these towns contain each a population exceeding 50,000.

Forty years' continuous and uninterrupted service as pastor of the Roseville Avenue Presbyterian church, Newark, N. J., is the record upon which Rev. Dr. Charles T. Haley was congratulated recently. His record is unparalleled in the annals of Presbyterianism in America.

Rev. Ella Groendyke, sister of Rev. Montgomery Groendyke, of Hartford City, Ind., has been sent to Sierra Leone, where the massacre of the missionaries occurred last year. She has already spent four years in Africa and will undertake to rebuild the destroyed missions.

SUMMER ROADWORK.

Matters of Importance That Need Looking After, But Are Neglected in Most Places.

The country roads have now all been scraped and that usually is the end of road work for the season. But there are several matters that need looking after at this time of year, which are of considerable importance to the roads and those who use them.

First of all are the bushels and wagon loads of stones which the scraper has dragged into the driveway, especially on hillsides. A recent 20-mile bicycle trip convinced me that leaving these stones in the highway is not a falling peculiar to this neighborhood alone. Stones from the size of a walnut to those as big as a pail, literally by the wheelbarrow load on hillsides, and by the wagon load in a stretch of road a mile or two long, are coolly left to bruise and worry horses' feet and necks, pound the rims of wheels and set drivers' teeth on edge. Would it be well to call a council of the wise men of the district to see what might be done about these stones? Or would it be better yet to have them removed "double quick" within 24 hours after scraping?

Next comes the "chuck holes," low places that were mudholes last winter, but now are dry and smooth, but lower than the general level of the road. You can easily find them after a rain, when they are full of water. In dry, hot weather this soon dries out and does but little damage. But in early fall and later, when water does not evaporate quickly, these places will become soft, and the travel will soon cut them out and make a mudhole that lasts from one rain to another. Thus months before the main part of the road becomes bad these "chuck-holes" have made the road impassable for heavy loads, and in the pleasant days of late fall every clean buggy that comes along gets plastered over with mud from these holes. The time to fill them is now; the way to do it is to send a good man with a long-handled shovel.

Again, in time of much rain in summer the hardest clay soil of the roadbed gets soaked and the next shower will wash it away. In this way on hills and grades long gutters are formed lengthwise, and the ditches along the roadside become so deep and wide as to often ruin the road, especially on steep hills. Then comes a "kick" from somebody who has been injured, then a heavy bill of expense for repairing the road. All this can easily be avoided if taken in time.

When long gutters are beginning to form simply cut small trenches and turn the water into